the passage of the tropic with a thousand mummeries and rough jokes.

January 26th, 1802.

Yesterday was hot, but our sailors danced away till it was dark; for we have a band of music on board, consisting of two trumpets, that summon us to dinner, two clarionets and a drum. The soldiers sing in the evening an endless German song, and the sailors *impromptu* in Danish, of which the wit is lost upon me. We have seen some flying-fish, but no tropical birds. Our deck is covered with an awning, which makes it very pleasant.

January 27th, 1802.

The thermometer is risen to 99. Everybody is beginning to take shower-baths of salt water.

Fort Royal, Martinique, Feb. 4th, 1802.

We landed here yesterday morning. My old friend Sir Thomas Trigge was very happy to see me, and has taken us all into his house. We are